



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

Burschenschaft, mention has been made that it was to include all German Christian students (pp. 12-15). There is but little attempt at logical arrangement, while many of the chapters contain a good deal of repetition and read as if intended for separate publication. The style is didactic, but easy and familiar, savoring rather of journalism than of history. The notes are numerous, but do not add much to the value of the work. A large proportion of them are travel items only remotely connected with the matter at hand. The fanciful illustrations so numerous in the earlier volumes have given place to portraits, most of which are good.

With the standards that at present prevail, no large measure of accuracy is to be expected in a book of this description. Some of the blunders, however, may well occasion surprise. The boundaries of Germany as given on page 77 would probably be satisfactory to the most ardent German expansionist; the Confederation of the Rhine did not last for nearly a century nor did it include the territory upon the left bank which Prussia acquired in 1815 (pp. 126-127); the Reformation was not two hundred years old in 1630 (p. 274); Jackson did not march United States troops into South Carolina in 1832 (p. 267). These and numerous similar errors are probably due to carelessness, but that excuse cannot be made for statements which imply that a constitution for Prussia was actually promulgated in 1815 (p. 7), that the Carlsbad decrees included measures to prevent the separate states of Germany from establishing popular representation (pp. 180-182), or that customs districts such as those of Prussia prior to 1818 existed in England until the repeal of the corn-laws (pp. 21-22).

FRANK MALOY ANDERSON.

The Story of a Soldier's Life. By FIELD-MARSHAL VISCOUNT WOLSELEY. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; London: Archibald Constable and Company, Limited. 1903. Two vols., pp. xi, 398; xi, 383) .

No one else has the opportunity of seeing so many kinds of warfare as the British officer. The vast colonizing schemes of England subject her army to every species of campaigning except the deadly clash of civilized forces on the European theater. But the class of risks with which few continental soldiers become familiar confront the Briton at every turn. Apart from the dangers of fighting savage and semi-civilized nations, there are the never-ceasing risks of cholera, fever, malaria, heat-apoplexy, dysentery, *et id genus omne*, not to speak of poisonous reptiles and insects. All these and others the author of these interesting volumes has been a part of; and of them he tells in a simple, frank way which makes the narrative interesting. Field-Marshal Wolseley has been a man of war from his youth up. In Burma in 1850, where he was badly wounded; in the trenches and divers assaults at Sebastopol, and in the battle of the Tchernaya, in 1854-1855; in a shipwreck on the way to China in 1857; in the Indian mutiny in 1857-1858; in the Oudh and

Baiswarra campaigns the next year ; in China in 1860-1861 ; in Canada, when he commanded the bloodless but successful Red River expedition in 1870 ; and finally in the Ashantee war of 1873-1874, this busy son of Mars has spent his years. His Egyptian campaigns are not reached in these volumes. While strictly personal, the narrative of all this warfare affords one a better view of the varied labors of the British officer than any other work one can find. No wonder that with all this experience Tommy Atkins is not only the hero Lord Wolseley calls him, but the "handy man" besides. While firm in his faith that no soldiers ever approached those of his own country, nor any officer the British in self-sacrifice and gallantry, our author is unflinching in his criticism of the constant unpreparedness of Great Britain, of the errors of civilian ministers, and of the undue risks always run by the small armies that are sent out to do work, the difficulties of which are in no sense appreciated by the home government. Nor does he omit to blame the British officer's lack of technical training. While full of praise for his own, barring always the malingerer for whom no words are too hard, he is in no sense ungenerous to others. He has an appreciative word for the French, whose courage at the joint assault of the Taku forts he highly praises: "nothing could exceed their daring gallantry"; "their conduct was 'worthy of the great nation to which they belonged'" (II. 35).

Much of the military work described in these volumes bears a cousinship to that done by our own small army for several generations, in their task of opening up this vast country. The difficulties of the march, the treachery of the foe, the sudden attack, the stray bullet from hiding, the intense heat, the roads cut through virgin forests, the rivers forded breast-high, the distressing distances from water to water, all sound like the reports of our own westward advance a half-century since. Only the blizzard with its frozen mercury and frozen members is absent from Lord Wolseley's narrative. But every page teems with the white man's burden, which the English more than all others have taken up.

What will most interest the American reader relates to our Civil War. While Colonel Wolseley was in Canada, he made a secret trip to Richmond by the "underground route". He was anxious to see what manner of man was "that greatest of all modern leaders, General Lee", or indeed "the great American patriot", Stonewall Jackson. He wanted to gauge what produced in the Confederate army the "superior fighting qualities of their splendid and patriotic rank and file". He reached its capital shortly after the battle of Antietam. His sympathies, like those of the majority of Englishmen of the Trent Affair days being strongly Southern, his admiration for Lee is unbounded. He "seemed the greatest man I ever conversed with ; and yet I have had the privilege of meeting Von Moltke and Prince Bismarck". "The majesty of his manly bearing, the genial winning grace, the sweetness of his smile and the impressive dignity of his old-fashioned style of address, come back to me amongst the most cherished of my recollections. His greatness made me humble." Jackson equally impressed Colonel Wolseley, but

in a different manner. "I can class him with no one whom I have ever met or read of in history." Lee was the "Cavalier", Jackson the "Ironside". Of Mr. Davis he holds no high opinion. "Puffed up with a belief in his own superior wisdom", his "views upon strategy were opposed to all the teaching of military history". Lord Wolseley speaks lightly of McClellan, but calls Lincoln "One of the very shrewdest of men and most sagacious of statesmen". Pope's "headquarters", "saddle and all his smart uniform exhibited in the shop windows of a Richmond tailor" was too American a joke for the English colonel fully to appreciate.

Historical misconceptions last long. In Germany to-day, the average man, remembering the letters written from the States to his parents, believes that it was the German-Americans who put an end to the struggle. In England many still believe that the Southerners won all the victories, and were eventually crushed only by five to one of their own force. Few appreciate the fact that the numbers afoot until the last year, when the Confederacy was already lost, were but as three to two, while interior lines, perhaps better strategy, enabled the Confederates to bring as many men into tactical touch as the Federals. And if we analyze the fifty heaviest battles of the war, we find that twenty were won by each contestant, and ten were drawn. Moreover in these battles, at the point of fighting contact, the numbers engaged varied only two per cent. As a piece of military business, considering the opponents Lord Wolseley describes and the conditions, the work of the North will stand any comparison.

No one can quarrel with Lord Wolseley for his Southern proclivities. In a way the plantation and slave-owning aristocrat was more akin to the ideal of the British uppertendom than the prosaic Northerner. Yet he has an appreciative word, spoken of a visit to Boston, for "that mixture of kindness and hospitality which are the most prominent characteristics of the American gentleman"; and he means to be even-handed as well as candid. There have been moments since the Civil War when some of Lord Wolseley's utterances anent our volunteers provoked either irritation or irony. The American volunteer asks praise and fears criticism from no one. What regulars have fought through a four years' war with nine combats a week, a pitched battle every fortnight, and an average daily loss of over four hundred men killed and wounded in action? The volunteer's initiative, his courage, his ability to stand punishment and keep on delivering telling blows, his quick recovery from defeat, his cheerfulness under trial, his many-sidedness, his high discipline in all that hard campaigning demands, and this without pipe-clay, need no encomium. His work may be placed beside that of any soldier.

But all this is of the past. We are growing nearer to our British cousins. Time and events mellow the judgment. And time has sat lightly upon our genial author, while passing events have furnished him a fresher measure of values. In view of the strong terms of praise in which Lord Wolseley has of late referred to our army, that man would be wanting in all the instincts of the old soldier who would not "forgive

what may be my prejudices", as in the preface the reader is begged to do, and forget them.

The style of the book is frank and chatty. It is honest soldier's talk by a soldier. Lord Wolseley believes that the profession of arms is the highest. It does indeed in some characters develop the Christian virtues in the most marked degree, even though war itself be hell. And in every country, though the citizen may not be in the ranks, it is the qualities that go to make up the good soldier that are of the most value to the state.

An occasional good story is told in the volumes, as one of Soyer, the great French chef, who put on his irascible wife's tombstone "*Soyez tranquille*". India developed some *bon mots*, as after the relief of beleaguered Lucknow, one of Clyde's officers telegraphed home "*Nunc fortunatus sum*", *i. e.*, "*I am in luck now.*" Was it Napier in 1843 who sent the despatch "*Peccavi*", *i. e.*, "*I have Sindh*"?

The moral of the book is pointed at the habit of unpreparedness of the Anglo-Saxon nations, which can never understand that safety as well as economy resides only in a condition of constant readiness. Nothing else is so dangerous, so extravagant in the end, as the usual waiting policy of England and America.

The large volumes themselves are well got up, with paper which makes them easy to hold and read. The portrait of the author shows no sign of age, nor of the wound which tore open his face in the Crimean trenches. The story will interest thousands, and after perusing the last paragraph, we shall all welcome its promised continuance, and wish the gallant field-marshal years and strength to complete it.

THEODORE AYRAULT DODGE.

The True History of the Civil War. By GUY CARLETON LEE, Ph.D., of Johns Hopkins University. (Philadelphia and London: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1903. Pp. 421.)

THE field covered by Mr. Lee's book is extensive, including the origins of sectional division from the landing at Jamestown, the slavery controversy, the Civil War, and the Reconstruction period. Within the narrow limits of four hundred pages the book cannot and does not pretend to be a critical history, to sift evidence or digest facts, or even to balance conflicting opinions. It is necessarily general in style and treatment, and its merits must be those of intelligent selection of matter, reliance upon the best authorities, illuminating comment, and fairness in interpretation. It must be practically an "essay on the causes and conduct of the Civil War", and should be judged as such. Viewed from this standpoint, there are commendable features in *The True Civil War*. The style is vigorous, and the sweeping and general character of the writing is freely relieved by personal anecdotes and brief quotations. The author's point of view is also unconventional and calculated to pique the average reader, for the function of the "true" biography or